# *We are all jolly Fellows*

## That follow the Plough.

[Sold at No. 42, Long Lane.]

Printed in 1794.

WHEN four o'clock comes then up we riſe,
And into the ſtable boys ſo merrily flies,
With rubbing and ſcrubbing our horſes I vow,
And we are all jolly fellows that follow the plough.

When ſix o'clock comes at breakfaſt we meet,
And beef, pork, and bread, boys, ſo heartily eat,
With a piece in our pocket I ſwear and I vow,
We are all jolly fellows that follow the plough.

Then we harneſs our horſes and away then we go,
And trip o'er the plain, boys, as nimble as does,
And when we come there ſo jolly and bold,
To ſee which of us the ſtrait furrow can hold.

Our maſter came to us and thus he did ſay,
What have you been doing boys all this long day?
You have not plough'd an acre I ſwear and I vow,
And you are damn'd idle fellows that follow the plough.

I ſtept up to him and made this reply,
We have all plough'd an acre, ſo you tell a damn'd lie,
We have all plough'd an acre I ſwear and I vow,
And we are all jolly fellows that follow the plough.

He turn'd himſelf round and laugh'd at the joke,
Tis paſt two o'clock, boys, tis time to unyoke,
Unharneſs your horſes, and rub them down well,
And I'll give you a jug of the beſt of brown ale.

So come all you brave fellows wherever you be,
Come take this advice and be ruled by me,
And never fear your maſter, I ſwear and I vow,
And we are jolly fellows that follow the plough.